

Papa began to smile, and you knew that the smile was always — Yes. So you got a ball, and papa threw it along the floor — Roll — roll — roll; and you ran after it again — and again. How pleased you were. Look at William, he smiles; but you could laugh loud — Ha! ha! ha! — Papa laughed louder than the little girl, and rolled the ball still faster.

Then he put the ball on a chair, and you were forced to take hold of the back, and stand up to reach it. At last you reached too far, and down you fell: not indeed on your face, because you put out your hands. You were not much hurt; but the palms of your hands smarted with the pain, and you began to cry, like a little child.

It is only very little children who cry when they are hurt; and it is to tell their mamma, that something is the matter with them. Now you can come to me, and say, Mamma, I have hurt myself. Pray rub my hand: it smart. Put something on it, to make it well. A piece of rag, to stop the blood. You are not afraid of a little blood — not you. You scratched your arm with a pin: it bled a little; but it did you no harm. See, the skin has grown over it again.

## M. NOURBESE PHILIP ZONG!

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		means	evidence
			means
		mortality	
		means	policy
			means
truth	means		
means		voyage	
	overboard	means	market
sufficient	means		means
means		slaves	
	support	means	more
foul	means		means
means		dead	
	three butts	means	want
necessity	means	water	
means		means	water
	provisions		
perils	means		